

WORONI

The New President's Message To Students

Q: What will be your policy in the forthcoming year?

A: The S.R.C. is the governing organ of the Students' Association and as such should not only be following the direction of the association, but leading it. It is my aim to make the S.R.C. respected and in fact the instigators of matters of policy affecting the student body.

Responsibility of Members . . .

In the past S.R.C.'s too much work of an organisational character has fallen on the shoulders of the few executive members. Neither the President nor the Treasurer should spend the majority of his time in 'organizing Balls, etc., and in cleaning up after them'. Routine jobs will be

farmed out to the whole S.R.C. and if the member appointed does not do his job, then it will not be done. In this way it is hoped that as much time and energy as possible will be gained for the higher role of policy and student leadership.

ACTIVITIES AND SUBSIDIES

Given the frequent appearance of WORONI and the certain co-operation of its staff, every effort will be made to inform the student body of S.R.C. decisions and activities.

Further in the way of promoting activity, I think clubs and societies should be subsidised more fully, provided they show both increased activity and

co-operation in return.

On regulations last year, the S.R.C. could have rejected almost all applications for grants. Regulations are not being compiled with.

This, I trust, is only a matter of reminding them of their obligations and will in no way conflict with the avowed aim of increasing student activity.

S.R.C. CONTROL OF REVUE

Q: Do you think Revue should be handed over to the Theatre Group?

A: No. To my knowledge the Theatre Group has been a small and closely-knit group. One might even venture to say, a "clique". Revue is a very big job and requires tremendous co-operation. Furthermore, it has a general appeal to the public and to students. With its present size and composition, I doubt whether the Theatre Group could provide the necessary human resources.

If it could provide a co-ordinator, a producer, and a musical director from its own ranks, I would say yes. Financially the Revue is a large venture.

If the Theatre Group ran it at a loss, then a grant would have to be given to them by the S.R.C. In any case, a loan would be required beforehand.

The S.R.C. would therefore be financially running the Revue (except that the profits would go to the Theatre Group) and therefore the S.R.C. may as well have complete control.

Buttery Stays at Childers Street

Q: When the new library is opened, during the second term, will the new S.R.C. press for a cafeteria or even similar facilities to those now in existence to be installed at close proximity to the Library?

A: I should not think so. The Library will be closer to the classrooms for all lectures except law and some economics.

At the moment one walks from the base to lectures. When the new Library is opened it will be a matter of walking from that base to morning tea, etc.

The Union will be built in close proximity to the Library and then probably only law and economics students will have to go near Childers Street.

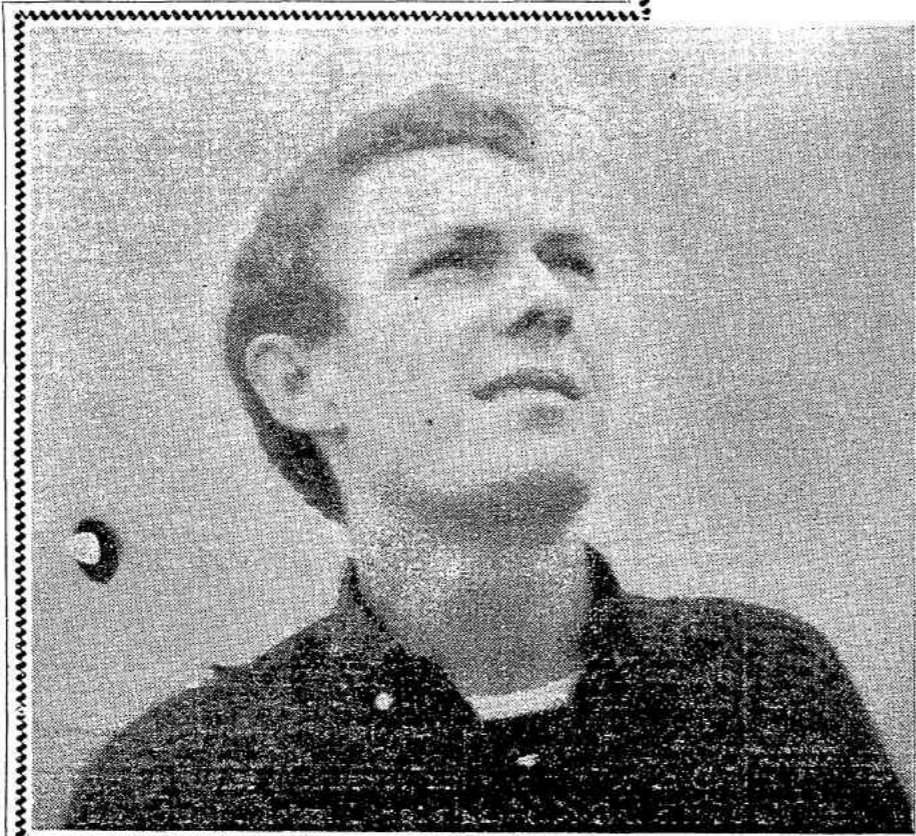
No, I do not think it is worth while for the short time involved.

A QUESTION ON N.U.A.U.S.

Q: Do you think that A.N.U. per capita subscriptions to N.U.A.U.S. should be reduced because of our size?

A: Not unless N.U.A.U.S. wanted to reduce our representation.

CHRIS HIGGINS



BEAT UP SLAY 'EM

The Revue marks a turning point in presentation. The majority of scripts were obviously written with the view of pleasing the audience of 'aristocrats' ranging from the Sir Robert Menzies to Lord Ruckmaster.

It was plain from the beginning that sobriety was to be crucified and satire would run rampant. Much of this credit was due to the well-written scripts, particularly by Anne Godfrey-Smith and Chris Jay, and excellent music arrangements by Martin Ward, as well as excellent team work by the cast.

It is not wise to name the best actors or actresses but I do claim sagacity. Chris Higgins' lampooning of the local policeman's intelligence quota set the stage for even greater characterisations. John Kingsley grasping the Thistle Knight's inflections so well I thought I was visiting the well-known political asylum itself. Andrew Green obviously relished some of his parts, especially Sir Solemnity Sourpuff.

Hugh Brophy, another accomplished actor, showed his ability to exploit fully the excellent satire of Huw Weldon (surfers and surfettes — Ugh!).

A Well Conducted Hall introduced three smashing 'nymphs', Georgia Couchman, Sue Crick and Sue Collins. I think that Miss

Crick's performance as Red Riding Hood was one of the highlights of the evening. Of course, Heather Cartwright's singing of the Intellectual's wife was enough to make one resign from the University and become a Canberra cop. Roslyn Fraser was very adaptable and promises to be another great asset to later revues.

Natasha proved to be an unknown quality due to effective lighting. Full marks go to Mr. Ogston on his powers to control lighting — a great improvement on last year.

On the whole, this revue was much more accomplished than "Two Up" in every respect. It was breezy, there were only a few small hitches, and most of the cast were conveying their enthusiasm to the audience. Admittedly some of the more subtle jokes departed with scarcely a laugh, but that reflected more on the audience than actor — especially in the last act.

My congratulations to the cast on a wonderful performance — if only I could learn to play! — ERSKINE RODAN.

Economics IV. Member of Economics Society.
Member of the Labour Club.
President of Economics Society 1961/2.
A.L.P. Club executive 1962.
Vice President of Bruce Hall Junior Common Room Committee 1962.
Rugby Union Committee 1962.
Director of Clubs and Societies, S.R.C. 1962.
Orientation Week Director 1963.
Revue 1961-3.
Interested in Education Campaign.

Sports Council Elections

After nominations closed on Saturday evening, 27th April, the following students were declared elected:

President: Peter Simpson.
Vice-President: Roger Clement.
Treasurer: Arthur Brown.
Secretary: Geoffrey Russell.

A ballot will determine the representation on the committee of six ordinary committee members.

Results Of S.R.C. Elections HIGGINS FOR PRESIDENT

The results of the S.R.C. elections for this year were:

President: C. I. Higgins.
Faculty Representatives: —
Arts: R. H. Arthur, W. L. Gammage, M. B. Gascoigne, A. P. Godfrey, Smith, Economics: H. G. Brennan, B. G. Donald, A. G. Hartnell, Law: M. Frid, J. B. Thyane, Science: J. Coates, I. B. Lambert, Part-Timers: S. C. Yockloun.

OFF THE CUFF

"Better Read than Dead"

Comment of the year comes from Frank Strain, the downstairs Revue producer, when a reporter of a Sydney newspaper asked whether it was true that his stars were "getting into hot water for burlesquing politicians."

"How", replied Strain wearily, "can you burlesque burlesque?"

This wry comment came after the Bryan Davies Show had been censored, because of its satire on Miss Yerslak.

"My greatest thrill was to receive a telegram from the Minister for Immigration, Mr. Downer. He said: 'Congratulations, you are the answer to the critics of the White Russian Policy.'"

★ ★ ★
Definition of adolescence: "the age between puberty and abultery".

Overheard in the Common Room:
Pam to Tony: "Keep your hands off it!"
Jan Clarke: "Ben was good, wasn't he?"

Situations Vacant Column in well-known newspaper:
"Wanted — a professional circumciser at Lennox Foundling Home. Good wages and tips."

(Did you know that Bass and Flinders circumcised Tasmania in a ten foot cutter?)

★ ★ ★
HAVE YOU SEEN THE REVUE?

★ ★ ★
New Decadal Currency?
10 Thistles — 1 Knibb
10 Knibbs — 1 Ming
10 Mings — 1 Royal Ming
10 Royal Mings — 1 Bandicoot

Then there's the new musical adapted from D. H. Lawrence's novel "Lady Chatterley's Lover" called "The Pyjama Game-keeper".

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

Welcome To Horus

In this issue, we welcome HORUS, a kind of writing animal. We hope that this partnership in grime shall bear fruit throughout the year and help provide a more varied WORONI than ever!

EDITORIAL

Deeds Not Words

The S.R.C. Elections have just been held. A new S.R.C. will see many new faces in office. Up till this year, elections for S.R.C. had been contested in only one or two faculties. This year, contests have occurred in all four faculties. This is an obvious answer to student apathy and the fact that polling was relatively high for such an election compared with other Universities in Australia, does tend to concede the point that at last it is taking a serious view of its future.

What are the problems that face our new office bearers? The answer is indefinite in the long run, but is very clear to us in the short run. The S.R.C. is not purely an administrative body, nor in the peculiar circumstances of Canberra is it stable in its productive ways.

The duty of a student politician at Canberra is not to himself (unlike our "adult" politicians), but to the student body as a whole.

Ways of expressing such a mood lie in moulding the young University into an active and alert group of persons. One specific way of doing this is to back the Education Campaign in Melbourne and its counterpart to be formed in Canberra. Canberra secondary education may be ideal to our friends in Melbourne, but if Canberra is to become a truly national university then faculties must be set up not only of the old, such as engineering, but of the new, such as business administration.

An editorial board for Prometheus should be appointed in the near future, which last came out in 1959! Also, it must be remembered that the Science Faculty has grown in size relatively faster than the other faculties and should at least have three members in the S.R.C. These are but a few of the problems that face the new S.R.C. and we hope they can diligently apply themselves to the task. But remember, fellow Students, that the S.R.C. cannot expect to accomplish very much UNLESS they have YOUR co-operation.

Inadequate Education

While the article on the American concept of Liberal Arts (Woroni 9/4/63) presented an excellent rationale of the system, it is perhaps unfortunate that the author chose to place it on such a high plane.

The theory is that the student should educate himself towards more than his future occupation, but the sad fact is that a liberal arts course is, not desirable, but essential to bring him up to a reasonable standard of education, particularly so far as the professional courses like Law and Medicine are concerned.

The reason for this lies in the basic philosophies underlying the education of children in most parts of the United States. In some way it is thought undemocratic to have the more intelligent children singled out. Hence, any class would have to operate at the level of the least able of its members, and bright children must hold themselves back to this standard.

When this attitude is coupled with the rather odd idea that school should be used not so much to impart knowledge as to produce "balanced personalities" well adjusted for the harsh jungle of life, the result are often startling.

The degree of success enjoyed by this policy may be seen in the climbing statistics of juvenile crime.

HOW TO BE LIKED

There is nothing innately wrong with courses in Driver Training, How to be Likeable, or How to Use the Telephone, but they should not be part of a school curriculum, counting towards the quota which will pass one to the next year. At the same time there is neglect of the most basic fields. It is almost unbelievable that courses in Remedial Reading need to exist at University level. It is even more surprising that they are heavily attended.

After eight years of elementary school and four years of High School, therefore, the student graduates with an abysmally low standard of education. He is quite unable simply from the point of view of educational standard to enter a specialised course like law, which presupposes much more than the High School graduate has.

Hence, he enters a Liberal Arts course to bring him up to the required level. That level is not very much higher than a Matriculation standard in Australia, particularly if a two or three year course is taken.

One man of many years' teaching experience, who has taught in both Australia and the U.S.A., stated that third year Arts students at the University of Michigan (an institution of quite good reputation) had attained a level no higher than N.S.W. Leaving students.

Therefore, the student with his liberal arts degree is not on a much higher level than the typi-

cal fresher at this institution, or perhaps at an equal or lower level.

Confirmation of this opinion may be obtained from the statements of a prominent American citizen, Admiral Rickover. He equates the English General Certificate of Education at scholarship level with an American bachelor's degree. I hasten to add that the Leaving here is not up to the English advanced G.C.E. level, but this does not alter the general conclusion since the gap is not too wide.

American authorities have realised the deficiencies of their educational systems.

Admiral Rickover is one campaigner for higher standards. The point was brought home very forcibly by the launching of the first Russian Sputnik. Suddenly it became clear that while, for example, some millions of Russians had a knowledge of English, the Americans with knowledge of Russian amounted to no more than a few thousands. The road of reform is hard; it is not eased by the determination to avoid anything like the selective school. It is hard to obtain co-operation and co-ordination in the state of Georgia, for example, there are some hundreds of separate and independent school systems. It is distressing to see that New South Wales in the introduction of the Wyndham Plan has fallen into errors that the United States is beginning to abandon.

But the point of all this is that the Liberal Arts system is not purely a cultural conditioning. It is virtually essential if American students are to attain a level which other countries take for granted in their school leavers. In this connection a recent news item is appropriate. Of those called up for military service in the United States last year, 39% were rejected for illiteracy, 13% of these (5% of the total) were High School graduates.

— S. P. K. BROWN.

Reply to Brown
Dear Sir,
If Mr. Brown is to be taken seriously, Australian and English universities should never accept an American student as an undergraduate unless he first attains a university degree in the U.S. to qualify for admission (due to his "abysmally low standard of education").

I can only say that I hesitate to agree fully with Mr. Brown. First year courses at the A.N.U. differ only slightly from those of any American university, as shown by the fairly general use of American first year textbooks in Australian universities. The difference between the systems is not in what happens before University entrance, but in the scope of University studies.

If a first year schedule for a physics degree consists of two languages, a social science, mathematics and one science course, then it is obvious that

the Australian student studying only science and mathematics will soon be well ahead of his American colleague in those two subjects.

NON-CREDIT COURSES
I cannot agree more fully with Mr. Brown that Driver Training, How to be Likeable, or How to Use the Telephone and similar 'courses' should not be part of a school curriculum, and I would be most interested to find any High School in the United States which offers such subjects as a pass quota.

They may be offered if needed, or even in some cases such as Driver Training, be made compulsory, but the idea that they count towards graduation reveals a distinct lack of knowledge of American High Schools.

IRRATIONAL
I write not to praise the American High School system; as I am not a product of one I make no attempt to speak as an authority on the subject. The standard of education in some areas of the South and in parts of the large cities is very poor, but to deduce from this that the Australian Matriculation is equivalent to an American University degree requires a leap of the imagination which I personally could not approach.

Mr. Brown would seem to require a course in logic, while his energies might possibly be better spent in North Queensland rather than watching "Our Miss Brooks" or "Laramie", both of which are on the same level of realism.

Humour is especially comic when taken literally.

F. R. WARREN-BOULTON.

International Club
Dear Sir,
While it is your prerogative to level criticism when you feel it to be necessary, I cannot help but feel that you were guilty of a certain irresponsibility in your editorial attack on the International Club (9/4/63).

Your criticism was peevish, and for the most part ill-informed. You may have your doubts as to the value of the award-winning film "Two Acres of Land", but your criticism rather suggests ignorance on your part of both conditions in India and the aims of the club, one of which is to aid the exchange of information about conditions in other countries.

Your vicious attack on the Orientation Week speaker was in exceedingly bad taste.

When a busy man with considerable experience in his field gives up his own time to address a club, at that club's invitation, it is hardly fair that he should receive such a blasting.

At least you could have taken the trouble to attend the function and listen to what he had to say; then you would not have missed the entire context of his speech.

The theme of his talk was not that the world cannot exist half slave and half free, but that the world cannot exist half starving and half fed.

Your comment that the world is getting along all right half friendly and half hostile is neither true nor an intelligent statement, and while it is in keeping with the rest of your editorial, it is hardly worthy of a University paper.

I strongly suspect that this particular editorial was dashed off in a hurry to fill a space that otherwise would have been left blank. If this was the case, such a stupid and destructive attack on a new and active club (of which the University has few enough) can achieve no good whatsoever.

By all means let us have criticism and suggestions as to the positive policies, definite speakers and meaningful functions you mention, but let that criticism be constructive and the suggestions be worthwhile.

— BEVERLY MALE.

Editor's Reply
It would be good, perhaps, if we were to criticise every club and society, but some are below criticism since they do not aspire

to be more than existent and social.

When the International Club was founded, one hoped that, by its very nature, people of different colour, culture and creed could be fanatical enough to raise meaningful issues.

However, we have folk dancing and food tasting. We have prize films. We have films on the ancient footpaths of Pakistan. We have diplomats to address us. We have very quickly sunk to the social shame whence the first signs of life crawled some time last year.

Rather than attack the Orientation Week speaker in our editorial, we preferred to identify the Club's policies with the import of his speech. You do us unjust criticism when you say we did not hear the talk.

He did say "the world cannot exist half slave, half free, half hungry, half fed", he also offered a solution: "strive for greater international understanding".

He took an hour and a half to say it. He was a pleasant and vacuous speaker. He should have been talking to some ladies' auxiliary.

As a result, students can only look forward to the Labour Club to provide speakers who will risk provoking questions from tertiary-educated audiences.

This is, perhaps, our last word on the subject. The International Club is located somewhere between the Arts Society and the Country Women's Snack Bar. We doubt if the whole contingent of the International Club were to poison themselves eating fried rice whether the total of human knowledge would be affected.

The Quare Fellow
Sir,

After waiting five weeks (admittedly not your fault, for the time lag) for the first issue of Woroni, I wonder if this S.R.C. has merely given the editors a licence to print their crudities.

I appreciate humour clean or crude, but I feel that those items (probably representing one-eighth of the space) which were SUPPOSEDLY humorous could just as easily have been found on the walls of the nearest public toilet.

I suggest that if it is the editors' policy to give up valuable space (representing 26 of S.R.C. money) to such obscenities he should make it known to the incoming S.R.C. so that the council may have the opportunity to save money by substituting the price of a box of chalk for the cost of a Woroni publication and thus allow the editors to give vent to their frustration in more suitable places.

— J. S. WRIGHTSON
Thank you for your letter. The space given to this piece of puritanism could have been used to tell a very subtle joke about the actress and the bishop. — Ed.

Scanty Trash
The Editor,
"Woroni".

Dear Sir,
Firstly, congratulations on your debut and I hope your standard remains as high in future editions. However, I have two criticisms:

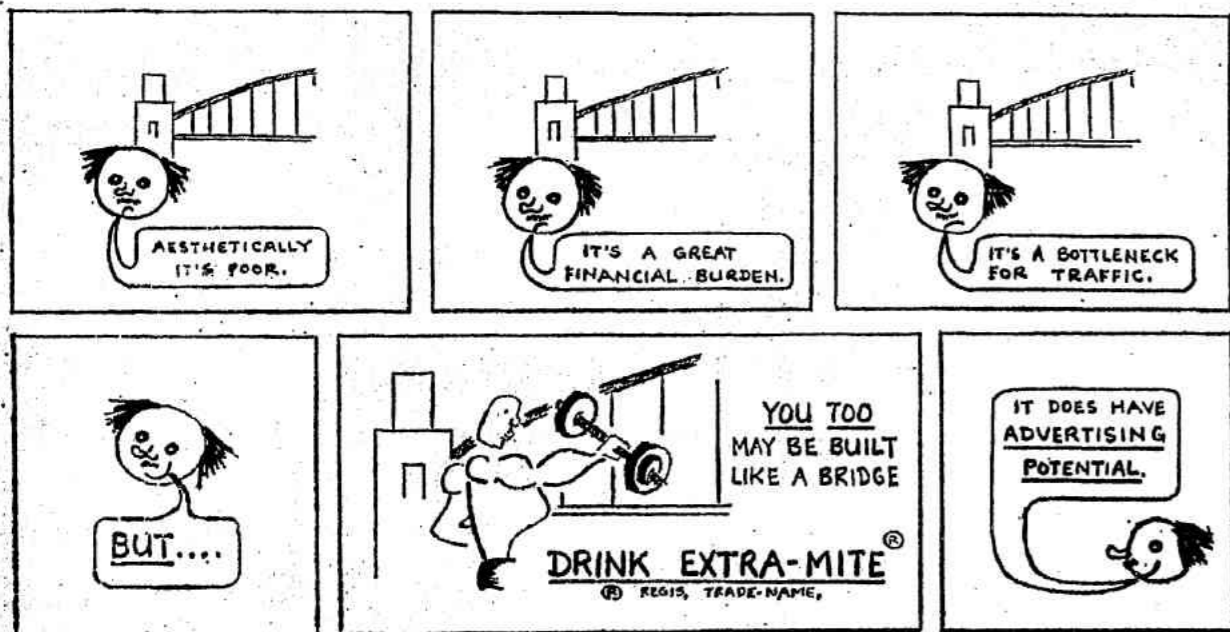
(a) Concerning that overused word, apathy. Both Mr. Roseworn and "N.N." indulged in satire with obvious relish, adding yet another straw to the back of student activity in this establishment.

There is no point in discouraging everyone by continual self-laceration; we deserve a measure of praise, taking account of our scanty numbers and the really astonishing variety of activities offering. Take note of such symptomatic letters as those of "Chip" and "Leilane".

(b) Why cannot even those hardy souls who do contribute to this journal publish their names? It would enhance their pieces greatly.

— R. E. STREET.
Thank you for your letter. We, too, would like to know the names of some of our contributors. Maybe the "trash" that they write deserves a pseudonym. — Ed.

THE MAN IN THE STREET SAYS . . .



Your comment that the world is getting along all right half friendly and half hostile is neither true nor an intelligent statement, and while it is in keeping with the rest of your editorial, it is hardly worthy of a University paper.

I strongly suspect that this particular editorial was dashed off in a hurry to fill a space that otherwise would have been left blank. If this was the case, such a stupid and destructive attack on a new and active club (of which the University has few enough) can achieve no good whatsoever.

By all means let us have criticism and suggestions as to the positive policies, definite speakers and meaningful functions you mention, but let that criticism be constructive and the suggestions be worthwhile.

— BEVERLY MALE.

Editor's Reply
It would be good, perhaps, if we were to criticise every club and society, but some are below criticism since they do not aspire

COME ON THURSDAY NIGHT, SAY REVUE ORGANISERS

Students who came to see the university revue on a Friday or, better still, a Thursday, would be helping the revue and also be ensuring themselves of better seats, revue organisers said last week.

Last year, they pointed out, both Saturday night performances were packed out, whereas Thursday night sessions were merely comfortably full.

"With the excellent publicity we have obtained this year in the press and on television, we expect to have large crowds of the general Canberra population turning up after the working week has ended," revue co-ordinator, Martin Gascoigne, told Woroni.

"Since students are expected to work seven days a week," it doesn't matter what night they take off," he pointed out.

This year's revue, called "Beat Up", is being directed by former Repertory producer Anne Godfrey-Smith, who is now doing a part-time course at the A.N.U. School of General Studies.

"I've aimed at producing a fast-moving, topical revue with the emphasis on satire of current events, political, social or literary," she said last week.

"I think that that is the appropriate sort of material for a students' revue, which, after all, is catering to intelligent people.

"This is particularly so in Canberra, where you have a large political, public service and academic population with a lively interest in current affairs and an appreciation of good satire," said Miss Godfrey-Smith.

"When the scripts were coming in, I snapped up the ones with a topical theme and a vigorous presentation."

The revue organisers insist that the normal sex interest has been disguised as literary satire this year, in the interests of propriety.

"But we seem to have an awful lot of literary satire all the same," a cast member admitted to Woroni.

The revue cast are confident that attendances will break records this year, even though last year's revue had nearly full houses on five of its six nights.

The extra publicity, particularly the television interview on CTC-7 last week, and the intrinsic excellence of the show would ensure large audiences.

Next year the S.R.C. will probably seriously consider running the revue for three weeks.

If the high standard reached in 1962 and improved on this year can be maintained, there is no doubt that all performances would be well attended.

An extra week would be possible if the delay over the writing of scripts at the beginning of the year, which this time caused nearly two weeks' hold-up, could be cut down.

This could be done if the present extreme shortage of good script-writers could be remedied to some extent.

The amount of time taken in organising the Orientation Week revue is also something of a problem, and if this could be organised more smoothly matters would improve.

Presentationally, A.N.U. student revues have progressed over the years, so that they can now attract audiences on their merits as trenchant, tightly-written and well-acted shows.

Presumably the increased size of the student body and the resultant larger pool of talent to draw from is responsible.

"In the old days," says script-writer Christopher Gray, who has been connected with the revue since 1957, "the cast of the revue

was practically synonymous with the full-time enrolment of the Canberra University College, as we were then, which was excellent from a social point of view, but left us a bit light on the ground when we wanted skilled acting, audile singers and competent dancers."

This year the cast is well up to the necessary standards. Sophisticated blonde freshette Roslyn Fraser has brought verve and polish to her parts as Cinderella in the Tennessee Williams version, as the romantic maid Simple in a parody of restoration drama, as Little Red

Riding Hood's Grandmother and elsewhere. Sue Crick, late of Canberra Girls' Grammar School, handles mock advertisements and university songs with equal assurance, as well as dealing effectively with the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood.

Frances Mercer, in her third year of revue, handles such parts as Lady Wanton Malpractice and Cinderella's elder sister with professional assurance, while Fran Eccles — one of the twelve children of famous Australian physiologist Professor Sir John Eccles — is very confident of

delivering a monologue on behalf of a prominent Canberra citizen.

Georgia Couchman turns in a delightful vignette as Goldilocks, overcoming the handicap of jet-black hair, while Heather Cartwright, easily our best singer, will again be singing two specially written songs.

Among the men, fresher John Kingley stands out in several roles, notably as Sir Robert Menzies, while Chris Higgins, Klim Gollan (who also wrote the sketch "Beat" which opens the first half), Andrew Green and several others catch the eye.

Russell Thomson, as well as taking three parts, will be playing the piano. Costuming was in the hands of pert librarian Jan Morphet, who has the job all sewn up, with assistance from Jan Hely.

Musical Director Martin Ward, though now married, has composed several tunes, including the opening chorus.

— CHRIS JAY.

MISS LENNOX HOUSE, 1963



This girl has been posing as a man for the past two years. The following sponsors have entered "her" into the W.U.S. contest. Remember, a vote for her is a vote for liberty (BRA)
SPONSORS: Packard Incorporated, The Chick Saloon, the Stephanie Beauty Salon, the Gore's Special Pill Company.
HOBBIES: Sport: Skiing and he-heing
Past-time: Racing.
Favourite Haunt: Lennox House.
FAVOURITE BOOKS: "The Neutral Group"
"Catch her in the Rye"
"De Profundis Revisited"
HER NAME: Miss Jack von Schönbush

While Djarkata Drools Canberra Sleeps



Is your home oppressed?
Lack that FREE feeling?
Try "Guided" (Reg. Trade Mark)
Democracy!
In the yellow can with the black lid.
Let our trained liberators blow away
that imperial mist which darkens all.

Education In Australia

The University underpins the entire educational system, providing the most highly trained members of the work force.

Enrolments
Between 1951 and 1960 University enrolments doubled. The 10 universities and 3 university colleges in Australia in 1960 took 53,780 students (1583 first year students), but only produced 4,000 degrees (400 post-graduates).

In this present decade the enrolments should reach 110,000 if they can be taken, for it will be necessary to provide at least 6 new universities in this time to catch matriculants.

Quotas
The bearing of the enrolment position is the imposition of quotas on top faculties at the moment and certainly in future, even though they are initiating massive building programmes.

Sydney Uni. is preparing to take 20% (4,000) more students than it can accommodate. Both

it and Melbourne have excluded students who were qualified to enter, due to this scene of crowded lecture rooms. That this can happen due to poor planning is intolerable.

Fail Rate
Most freshmen are poorly prepared for such tertiary education and over one-third will not graduate.

The major related factor to this must be the inadequate teaching facilities.

To alter our present staff/student ratio of 1 to 11 to the British standard of 1 to 7 is unimaginable under present financing conditions.

One-third of staff in universities are from overseas (mostly U.K.) and these men are becoming harder to find.

A very small proportion of graduates continue study and it

A three-pronged campaign was launched on April 7 with the distribution of 350,000 4-page tabloid broadsheets throughout the suburban area.

A fire which destroyed thousands of the broadsheets in the Melbourne University Union courtyard the previous night publicised rather than deterred the campaigners.

S.R.C. PUBLICATION
Now the Students' Representative Council of the University of Melbourne, which is sponsoring the campaign, has issued a well-produced 40-page report en-

titled "Education in Australia" which sets out the deficiencies in the education systems in each State, at all levels of education, suggests remedies and calls for wider public awareness and demands for more and better education.

PUBLICITY
On Sunday, April 21, the students staged a massive rally at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl, compered by a local television star.

Speeches on the education crisis, aimed at a broad range of interests represented in the crowd present, were presented by University staff, leading public figures and students.

To attract the crowd and to vary proceedings the speeches were sandwiched between folk singers (local idols like Glen Tomasetti and Paul Marks) and a New Orleans Jazz Band.

No effort has been spared to make the campaign a success. Over 800 students have participated in the campaign, some 250 of them being prepared to speak to public meetings on the topic.

Civic groups, churches, business and professional associations, political parties, Trade Unions, women's and youth groups, have been approached for support, and have responded by hearing speakers and making space available in their respective journals for articles by student leaders.

Victorian State and all Federal members of Parliament, metropolitan daily papers, and public figures who might be enlisted to assist, have all been sent copies of the education booklet.

The aim of the campaign is inevitably limited to whipping up community feeling into recog-

nising that Australians just aren't getting enough education or the best educational standards and facilities.

That there are deficiencies and inadequacies are, of course, undoubted: schools are understaffed, teachers are underpaid, and many are unqualified, too many youngsters leave school far too early, capable and qualified students are denied university education through rigid quota systems imposed by already overcrowded universities, the building programmes are sadly trailing.

Only the Commonwealth's entry into the field of education can stand close scrutiny and its scope must be enlarged. Australia doesn't spend even half as much as it ought on education, and it is failing to keep up with the growing and developing population of students who enrol in the various educational institutions each year.

In other words, greater pressure must be brought to bear by the force of public opinion upon State and Federal Governments:

Federal Government to bear a greater share of the cost of education, and all governments to co-ordinate with long-term planning to provide the best possible educational facilities and programmes for all students.

The problems involved in the campaign deserve wider contemplation. Readers are well recommended to obtain a copy of the S.R.C. report, "Education in Australia" available from responsible bookshops or from the Students' Representative Council, Education Campaign, University of Melbourne, Parkville, N.2., Victoria. (2/2).

MISS AINSLIE LAMB, for Melbourne S.R.C.

Melbourne Students Seek "State Aid For State Schools"

During the past month, Melbourne university and senior technical college students have spent considerable time and effort in staging a massive campaign designed to bring to the notice of the community the gross deficiencies and inadequacies of Australia's educational systems.

A three-pronged campaign was launched on April 7 with the distribution of 350,000 4-page tabloid broadsheets throughout the suburban area.

A fire which destroyed thousands of the broadsheets in the Melbourne University Union courtyard the previous night publicised rather than deterred the campaigners.

S.R.C. PUBLICATION
Now the Students' Representative Council of the University of Melbourne, which is sponsoring the campaign, has issued a well-produced 40-page report en-

titled "Education in Australia" which sets out the deficiencies in the education systems in each State, at all levels of education, suggests remedies and calls for wider public awareness and demands for more and better education.

PUBLICITY
On Sunday, April 21, the students staged a massive rally at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl, compered by a local television star.

Speeches on the education crisis, aimed at a broad range of interests represented in the crowd present, were presented by University staff, leading public figures and students.

To attract the crowd and to vary proceedings the speeches were sandwiched between folk singers (local idols like Glen Tomasetti and Paul Marks) and a New Orleans Jazz Band.

No effort has been spared to make the campaign a success. Over 800 students have participated in the campaign, some 250 of them being prepared to speak to public meetings on the topic.

Civic groups, churches, business and professional associations, political parties, Trade Unions, women's and youth groups, have been approached for support, and have responded by hearing speakers and making space available in their respective journals for articles by student leaders.

Victorian State and all Federal members of Parliament, metropolitan daily papers, and public figures who might be enlisted to assist, have all been sent copies of the education booklet.

The aim of the campaign is inevitably limited to whipping up community feeling into recog-

nising that Australians just aren't getting enough education or the best educational standards and facilities.

That there are deficiencies and inadequacies are, of course, undoubted: schools are understaffed, teachers are underpaid, and many are unqualified, too many youngsters leave school far too early, capable and qualified students are denied university education through rigid quota systems imposed by already overcrowded universities, the building programmes are sadly trailing.

Only the Commonwealth's entry into the field of education can stand close scrutiny and its scope must be enlarged. Australia doesn't spend even half as much as it ought on education, and it is failing to keep up with the growing and developing population of students who enrol in the various educational institutions each year.

In other words, greater pressure must be brought to bear by the force of public opinion upon State and Federal Governments:

Federal Government to bear a greater share of the cost of education, and all governments to co-ordinate with long-term planning to provide the best possible educational facilities and programmes for all students.

The problems involved in the campaign deserve wider contemplation. Readers are well recommended to obtain a copy of the S.R.C. report, "Education in Australia" available from responsible bookshops or from the Students' Representative Council, Education Campaign, University of Melbourne, Parkville, N.2., Victoria. (2/2).

MISS AINSLIE LAMB, for Melbourne S.R.C.

HORUS...

However, the School of General Studies seems to have a larger proportion of authors, poets, and budding critics than normal students.

This supplement, HORUS, will provide an outlet for them when WORONI is offered more of this type of writing than it can swallow.

So, authors and others, here is your chance to appear in print! HORUS, spawned by the Arts society, will attempt to cater for your literary and artistic needs.

Mackerras and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra

By R. F. Wetherell

Charles Mackerras is a man of many parts. His tour de force is undoubtedly opera, while his brilliance in orchestral conducting shines forth only in certain fields. This became abundantly clear at the first A.B.C. Celebrity Concert of Series 2 in the Albert Hall on Thursday, 28th March.

PACKARD'S PETS



GEORGIA COUCHMAN, SUE CRICK and SUE COLLINS.

The programme consisted of two of the bread-and-butter items of any orchestra's repertoire - the Concerto No. 5 in E flat major (the "Emperor") by Beethoven, and Schubert's Symphony No. 9 in C major (the "Great").

An added attraction was the Symphony in B-flat by J. C. Bach. The first two are recognised testing grounds for a conductor's competence; the Beethoven undoubtedly more severe than the Schubert.

Mackerras did not escape unscathed from the test. The "Emperor", like most of Beethoven's more hackneyed works, requires a rigid control of emotion to rescue it from the morass of musical cliché. The conductor must have a singleness of purpose and an unrelenting sense of tension if the music is to mean something worthwhile; these were not evident in Mackerras' conducting.

When the music was neither technically nor emotionally demanding, his playing was delightful, but it did not extend further than sweetness. The Concerto was loose and uninspiring.

Mackerras was obviously more at home with Schubert. He traced the emotional undulations of the Ninth Symphony with unusual perceptiveness. The work itself is less significant than the Beethoven Concerto, but the performance was more convincing. The whole symphony was rendered with conviction and sincerity, as if the orchestra was re-living Schubert's experience.

The second subject of the slow movement was particularly moving, when the full-throated cellos provided a severe contrast to the patterning violins.

HORNY GREMLINS
A few gremlins made mischief among the French horns, but disaster was avoided.

The FINALE was a little short of magnificent. The orchestra entered completely into the romantic spirit of the symphony. A thrilling contrast was achieved

between the rhythmic grinding of the basses and cellos and the soaring of the violins. The orchestra had attained a perfect balance of precision and feeling. The Symphony in B flat by Johann Christian Bach is a charming piece anticipating the style of the Viennese School. Charles Mackerras' approach was too casual for a work requiring great precision; he seemed to regard it as a palatable musical lollipop.

The Symphony has a scintillating Mozartian brilliance

which was not consistently displayed by the orchestra. Donald Westlake excelled himself in the distinct solo in the second movement - his performance is worth singling out, though the whole orchestra played extremely well. Sometimes its long interlude without a permanent conductor, showed only too clearly.

THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN MUSICIANS

Canberra had two chamber music concerts in April. The first was a free concert in the Albert Hall on April 8th, arranged by the Arts Council and the Italian Cultural Institute. Caesare Valabrega played fourteen of Domenico Scarlatti's keyboard sonatas. The only regrettable thing was not the Italian Professor's fault - Canberra, only harpsichord could not be borrowed for the occasion.

It was not until later in the century that the word "sonata" got its current meaning; and Scarlatti's sonatas were actually short, two section movements. The music is sparkling and very like the figures of Bach, his contemporary.

In fact though, Scarlatti's figuration sounds a lot more like Mozart than Bach's. Valabrega had the crystal clear technique needed to make the piano a passable substitute for the harpsichord. That concert would have succeeded if it made even a few people in the audience aware of Scarlatti's charms.

The second concert was the first produced this year by the Chamber Music Society. It was on April 23rd in the dining hall of University House, which is much more suitable for music than the Albert Hall. The players were a German string quartet named the Benhien Quartet, after their leader.

I thought the cellist and the two viola players were the best performers. The tone of the two violins when playing together unsupported occasionally made me wince.

By this, a group had gathered around us.

CHRIST, I FEEL LIKE DEATH (GOV. BLIGH MISUNDERSTOOD)

WHOSE PARTY WAS IT ANYWAY? (LIABLE TO EXTREME RAGES)

AND WHO WAS THE WOMAN - FRAN? ... CHEVEL? ... SUE? (A TEMPERATE, MARRIED MAN)

THAT POISONOUS PUNCH WAS DEVASTATING... (52 YRS. OLD)

GOD BUT THE PACE IS KILLING (MEANT WELL)

I NEVER THOUGHT UNI WOULD BE SO TIGHT... (GIVEN ROUSING SEND-OFF) ...

REVUE'S BIG MISS



MISS NATALIE BURGOYNE

ONE STEP FROM IMMORTALITY

An unknown French warrior sat in the trenches of Ypres in 1916. His platoon commander had been shot; shot by him as a poetic revenge for leading his troop over the ridge almost to the German trenches when the rear support battery had not opened fire as scheduled. Scarcely 10 had returned from that attack; almost all were killed by the French shells.

That morning the news had come that the remainder of the platoon would attack with the rest of the company at 1800 hours. The charge would be over the area of ground known as Frenchman's Ridge - an ironic illusion to the fate of this platoon. It was probably just as well the attack was going to be so soon, for before long, some one would realise that the commander had been shot by one of his own countrymen, not by the enemy as supposed. He had not enjoyed killing him.

It had seemed a duty to avenge the unnecessary loss of French blood. Tonight all would be settled. He would fall for France, perhaps not even taking one of the enemy, perhaps not even firing his rifle. It wasn't necessary to fight like a parrot, only to die.

The afternoon lengthened over the flower-covered fields of Ypres, now scarred by war. Soon his elderly and feeble sergeant would come round the trenches with ammunition. At 1730 the rear battery would "soften up" the enemy, at 1800 the attack would begin.

Women's Sex-Shun

By Delores Neckasken

Well, this has been another disrupted week, with those essays that interfere with the social round.

Was glad to see that the dear old Yarralumla Woolshed is still the scene of lightness and joy. I did so enjoy seeing the young lads and lasses of the University performing at the Woolshed Dance which was arranged by the Arts and Economics Societies to aid the candidates of their choice in the Miss University Competition. (I do so love Queen contests, don't you?)

Was glad to see Miss Katherine Shea proved her diabolism so beautifully at the fancy dress dance on Saturday night. It really was one big whirl this weekend, as there was a Bruce Hill social on Friday night also trying to raise money for W.U.S. (such a worthy cause, don't you think?)

I hear that the gaiety continued on into the early hours of the morning, even after the entertainment officially finished. I was very distressed to hear that several students have taken to leading the sort of life which rejects those fine old Protestant virtues of sobriety and hard work and creates its own standards of values, valueless though they are (excuse the pun). Now I'm no wower, but it gets older they will realise the error of their ways and follow the example of the Bruce Hall students, who have begun a charming little institution of wine at Sunday Dinner, of which they partake in a pleasant and civilised fashion to the accompaniment of refined and amusing conversation.

Common Room society has been particularly enjoyable lately. You see the world and his mistress there (not really, of course). I remember particularly a delightful conversation about Autumn that I had with Miss Heather Sutherland. I was amazed at such scope of knowledge. Also have noticed the presence of a bookshop in the Common Room on Wednesdays. I must commend this institution as an honest attempt to increase knowledge and intellectual awareness in the University. Bravo!

I must advise you all to go to "BEAT UP", our revue, because having been entertained to innumerable sneak previews by the stars at meal times at Bruce Hall, I can assure you that it is well worth seeing. And so this is Sunday: the end of one week and the beginning of another, just like the last Vacation soon, then into the gay old round of Second term.

VISITING DAY

I realised I didn't know very much about Jim after all. He was about forty and had knocked about Australia a lot after his wife had blown through. He was a decent sort of cove, you couldn't help liking him. I could tell he had something on his mind. He was slumped against the bar, staring into his beer.

After a while he said: "You might be able to explain something to me." I called for another round of drinks. "It's about a woman," he went on. "You see, after I knock off, I make a few quid with the truck, carting and odd jobs round the hostels and pubs. Well, I was up at _____ er, a place, when I mentioned I was on my way to Goulburn.

One of the kitchen maids said there was another dame there who wanted to go to Goulburn, and could I take her? That was O.K. by me, so, after a bit of hand wavin' and yappin' off we go. Seems like this dame's husband was doin' six months for something or other, and seem' it was visiting day, she wanted to see him.

"Well, I dropped the stuff and hung around till she'd finished, and we headed home. Now, here's the queer part: on the way back, she suggests we stop a while, and as she says, 'she'll be nice to me'. Just like that! What I want to know is: why?"

By this, a group had gathered around us. "Do you think she was sort of payin' for the ride?" someone suggested. "Now get this straight!" snapped Jim. "She's no tart or anything like that!" He added thoughtfully: "It could be she might think that way after some of the situations back home. But I think it was more likely a sort of 'thank you' rather than payment."

Shirl passed by with a handful of muddies, and remarked: "It could have been the truck. Motor bikes used to get me!" "Women!" snorted Jim. Five ounces of beer went at a swallow. "Anyhow, I've got to go!" "Why the hurry?" we chorused. Jim winked. "It's visiting day again," he said.

As if struck by inspiration, he exclaimed: "Shirl'd know!" A brief outline of the story was given over the bar. Shirl thought, "You didn't get her drunk, did you?" Jim was a bit shocked, I think. "No, she wouldn't have a drop! Only had two squashes and some sandwiches."

Shirl thought again. "What was her old man in for? It could have been to spite him." She went off to serve the other drinkers. Jim took a casual look at the clock. The place would be crowded soon. He shrugged in resignation. "I suppose she was afraid I'd put the hard word on her anyway, and decided to make the first move."

The "Professor", a day-dreaming sort of hobo, was working out the problem on the top of the bar with a finger dipped in beer. Laborious graphs and curves standing for spite, inclination and biology brought him to the conclusion that there was no simple explanation to women.

TIRED OF HOPKINS? - TRY THIS: Words Grandeur

Our speech is veined with the beauty of song. It can shine out like nuggets in rushed streams. To be found in sound, or colour-sense of dreams. Pictured. Why do men then now not wield words strong? Generations have talked, have talked, have talked; Yet new is shamed with sneers; (amed, samed intremes; It drones man's slur and speaks man's size; It screams And bores now, nor can tongue test, fearing wrong.

For all this, language is never dead; There lives the richest cleanness true new thoughts; And though past pages passed with pedant tread; Tomorrow, with a proof praise typeset, sports Because the living word with habit Used clashes, uttering coined-gold colourings in gowned-courier's courts. (W. PETERSON)

Tit-Bits

"No conversation around here ever rises above the waist level." Overheard in Bruce Hall: "But I didn't know there was any other sort of kissing!" EVERYBODY'S GOT THEM! A.A. expresses concern at the consumption by supposedly responsible students of cheap plonk at Bruce Hall meals. In aid of the Unmarried Mothers' Fund: a raffle. 1st Prize: J.K.G. 2nd prize: Dresden China. 3rd prize: A Pymble lad (sorry, 4th prize Pymble, 3rd prize Killara).

Thrilling to hear that even blackbirds have their little flutters. YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THEM! A: "I think that the ideal system would be a type of communal marriage; equal numbers of men and women - all intimate friends; living together, on intimate terms." B: "Isn't this the system we've got now?"

Preoccupied Urgent Scientists: Hedonists. ART. John Eldershaw

Eldershaw could be described as one of the "individualists" of Australian art. He cannot be said to belong to any of the current schools and his work shows that he has not been influenced by them. He is best known for his muted, un spectacular landscapes in water colour.

The recent exhibition of his work at the Bible House in Civic Centre was predominantly of water colours; there were only 9 oils. Eldershaw's composition is balanced and well proportioned, but every now and then a painting offends by being too static and too obviously posed.

"DRAWN" Prawning Boats is the worst offender. The scene does not even extend to the edge of the canvas. River Oaks was one of the outstanding paintings; it had captured movement where others were like still life. The arrangement of clouds behind unsteady trees suggested a feeling of turbulence.

I was disappointed with Eldershaw's treatment of light. It was reminiscent of the colonial painters and their "English" interpretation of the Australian landscape. His style was very well for such subjects as In the Morning Mist, which captured the haze beautifully, but in such subjects as The Gully and The Amphitheatre, Central Australia, he has failed to show the harsh, blending effect of the Australian sunlight as well as the intense colours of the shadows.

These paintings appeared as wishy-washy echoes of the Namatjira style. Stanley Chasn, a majestic subject, is treated as an elegant harmony of apricot and mauve. It is obvious that this painting was meant as an accessory in the decoration of somebody's living room. This was the thing which disappointed me throughout: the paintings were excellent as pieces of furniture or decoration, but apart from that, they were insipid and lacking in personality. (DEK)

THE QUIET TIME

... An Introduction Idea

It was very early one cold October day when a young student left his little room and walked down one of the cobbled streets of the poorer section of Vienna. He had long since lost his name, but he was just twenty-three years old — a very good age to be in post-war Europe when one is too young to remember the last war and just old enough to realise the inevitability of the next.

He turned slowly down the Rudenstrasse and onto the crumbling, formalize bridge over one of the thousands of canals that comb the ancient city. He halted and stared vacantly into the icy water, still littered with the silt of the American tourists who thronged every nook of the grey-walled ground. He remembered their camera eyes glinting at every new brick and the stench of their bodies when they hunted thrills after dark.

Far across the bridge he could see a fat woman in a satin dress lurching home under the strain of half a litre of schnapps and the memory of an equally fat tourist's gratification. She fell heavily against a post and slid awkwardly onto the cobbles, slurring a French chanson at the shuttered balconies. He didn't feel sorry for her — he doubted if he felt anything any more, and he leant against the railing and watched her struggle upright and mouth an obscenity at him. The corner of his mouth flickered for a moment before he turned on his elbows and tossed a dying cigarette to suicide in the water.

He stood staring into the blackness for a very long time.

He felt immensely sad, strangely, too, he thought, for he had really nothing to care about and for the moment he put it down to what the best advice to young writers' paperbacks called an artistic depression. It was funny, it seemed very, very funny that he, the man who was to revolutionise the whole concept of literature — strange, he still couldn't say that without a tinge of irony — should be caught almost unawares staring vacantly at absolutely nothing and his faint laugh almost snapped his reverie back to the city.

It was a funny city, he mused silently, yet all cities were funny — throw a million people into one squabbling block and voila! a city, so apart from the rest of life that travelling a mile out of it was like landing on a different planet in another time, but there it was, and he had to make the best of it.

The University course was a long one — four years — out of a lifetime of maybe sixty if you were lucky. And then you had... what? Even that was uncertain. Yet he didn't think he disbelieved in God or even personally dislike Him and yet he didn't think he could really credit Him either — the whole business was pretty nebulous and when one is very young nebulous theories are easily discounted by Philosophy 1. A student's life was pretty strange though, completely immersed in books and divorced from a bitter reality that he finally decided was the summation of life. Oh sure, most of them came up with such answerable classics as "what's the point of it all" from time to time between parties and seductions, but apart from that they lived in their own little dream-world, with all the distorted shadows of a pubescent fantasy.

And he was no different — no, really admit it to yourself — he was caught in another strand of the same dream, a complete introverted extrovert. But there it was again, more rubbish from the giant brain factory. Intros. and extros. and ambi-verts — it all sounded like the nightmare of a Venetian biologist's post graduate work in marine botany.

"What a bloody mess!" The words charged across the bridge and leapt the walls, ringing in through the windows. A shutter was flung open. "Ere, what's goin' on down there? Go away you little..." He stamped his foot and vacuumed the word before it stained and stormed

back to the street. Typical, either you were drunk or a harlot or a feminal if you were out, this late in a deserted street, in a mad world fed on dirt and sordid snippets of gossip it was typical.

But what matter? He turned the collar of his jacket tighter around his neck — the fabric was an old one and it didn't seem to mind unduly, or perhaps it, too, had tired of the great "norm" and the abnormal people who perennially set it as "convention" and "the right thing".

The sharp wind began to blow off the water and the nameless muses walked quickly into the doorway of an inebriated tavern. "The Good Cheer", odd, he wondered, what could possibly be good about working, hot and sweaty all day to be carried out into the gutter, shivering and dribbling the same night. But he had no desire to change it, no Messiah-complex, he complimented himself. But, what a gift it could be at times — a Messiah-power, not just the result of a psychotic explosion, but real and absolutely all-powerful.

He had always liked the raising of the dead best and tonight his eyes ran at the thought. But to what good? To bring a man back into this existence, that seemed to be the utter pinnacle of paramount stupidity. Maybe he hadn't wanted to come, would he have been forced or would he have a choice? And he wondered what had actually happened to the faithful servant resurrected, had he committed suicide minutes later? That seemed the only sensible thing to do once you had made sure that there was, in fact, something on the other side and that you made it there.

He looked up at the sky. It would be dawn soon and he saw the decayed golden fingers stretching hauntingly across the clouds to the pot of gold or the philosopher's stone, or whatever it was they were supposed to point to.

He began to walk back the way he had come and his footsteps echoed dramatically, he thought, through the old tenements.

It was a little later when he came to the Van Tertz monument with the little fountain under it and he threw a small coin into the water. It struck with an onomatopoeic plop and he stared fascinated as the ripples danced around it. It seemed very safe there, away from the rest of the world, protected by the water. But it would rust, just as everything did, sooner or later. There was no real protection from anything and he cursed the naivete of the metal for not knowing it.

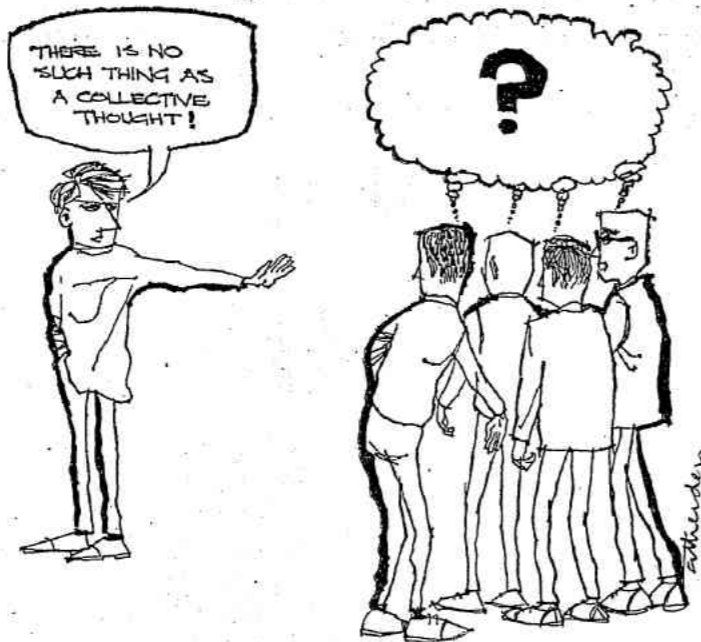
After he had scooped it up again and thrust it deep in his pocket he felt a little better — at any rate it was in his keeping again, and he had a strange love of protecting what had been his, even for an instant.

But it was getting late and he swore quietly and walked quickly down the street to where they were burying his mother in the old cemetery.

DRIVE SAFELY?

Your Mother-in-law may be around the corner

Wm. L. MARSHALL,
1st Jan., 1963.



Liberals on the Loose

After many pessimistic and sarcastic comments from the Socialists, liberals and non-politicians alike — the A.N.U. Liberal Club has come into being.

Our objectives are to get liberal speakers to give talks and more important to initiate debates and strong opposition to the "Labor Club". Contrary to popular misconception, the liberal policy is not conservative or a "Just let things run" ideal. We support the free enterprise system running of an economy within the extent of the welfare state as initiated by the present government. We have agreed further that we should affiliate with the Liberals.

DOWN WITH SOCIALISM
The "Labor" Club seems rather afraid of its own ideals and at its last meeting it declined to call itself a socialist club from fear of being branded as Communists. Since Socialism is their platform, they should have the gumption to explain to the "Ignorant Masses" (which they assume are present) what Socialism really entails.

Also the Labor Club has conveniently freed itself from the extremely dilapidated state of the A.L.P. policy and its socialist ideals by non-affiliation. The great similarity of the two parties' policies is an indication of the Australian voters workers included — disregard of Socialism.

Socialism is obviously not suited to the Australian economy with the need of rapid expansion which has been and will be only obtainable by the incentive of private enterprise and continued uninhibited overseas investment. The conservativeness of governmental control of the more important industries will slow down economic growth and deter investment. The British attempt at nationalisation serves as testimony to this.

— J. WEBB.

FARMERS POETRY PRIZE

Sponsored by Farmer and Company, prizes totalling 200 guineas are being awarded in connection with the North Side Arts Festival in August 1963.

The judges are: Professor A. D. Hope of the Australian National University, and Roland Robinson, President of the Poetry Society of Australia.

The closing date is 20th July, 1963.

Entries should be original, unpublished poems of any length, on any subject, but preferably having an Australian theme.

First prize is 100 guineas; second prize is 50 guineas; third prize 25 guineas. Additionally, prizes are offered to writers under twenty years of age. First prize 20 guineas, and second prize 5 guineas.

Entry forms, and replies to any queries, should be first obtained by writing (enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope) to:

DR. GRACE PERRY,
350 Lyons Road,
FIVE DOCK, N.S.W.

Song . . .

One day I will forget you,
Despite the strength of love I bear.
I know I said "forever"
When I told you how long I'd care.
I said I'd not forget you,
But like a man, my dear, I lie.
When dead, I will forget you;
When I forget you, I will die.
W. Elliot.

R.S.L. AT BAY

Mr. W. Keys, the National Secretary of the R.S.L., was interviewed recently by two Woroni reporters with respect to what the R.S.L. regarded as the purposes of Anzac Day. He was questioned in the light of the incident at Perth on Anzac Day when some members of the public unfurled placards proposing Nuclear Disarmament during the Last Post, and were attacked by members of the R.S.L.

He was told that even the "Daily Telegraph" (Sydney) reported these demonstrators to have been behaving in an orderly and respectful manner, and also that their placards were not in bad taste.

SKILFUL EVASION

He replied that their action was a direct provocation and mentioned darkly that he could prove this. He then changed the topic. (Perhaps he considered that these demonstrators were trying to embarrass the R.S.L., who incidentally must have a prior right to use brute force to control these situations.)

NO POLICY!

As stated, he changed the topic, and so the catechism switched to the R.S.L.'s policy on Nuclear Disarmament itself. He made it quite clear that the R.S.L. was all in favour of Nuclear Disarmament. He provided that The Balance of Power was maintained. He went on to say that in actual fact the National Council of the R.S.L. had not debated this topic, so there was no formal policy on the matter. At the time we were willing to ask just what the National Council of the R.S.L. did debate. A liquor licence for the sub-branch in Gol Gol?

NATURAL ORDER OF CONFLICT

He expanded. Taking India's recent humiliation as his example, he showed what happens to a nation that is unprepared for war. He also pointed to South and North Vietnam on the world map gracing his wall and described country by country the progress of the Communists through Asia were we to let them. He (correctly) assumed the cold war to be a natural state of being and argued from this, thereby putting down the theory of unilateral disarmament. This state of war, he pointed out, is due to the Eastern Powers and their policy of World Domination. He did not consider Dollar Domination to be immoral.

HOPE FOR DEAD REDS

Then, after a brief allusion to the Australian prisoners of war in Japanese prison camps in Malaya, Burma and Thailand, and a description of how they came through the most degrading conditions recorded outside the Bible, he was asked about "Better Red than dead". He dismissed this with a curt reference to the Hope these P.O.W.'s had in a glorious Allied Army finally winning the war. He asked where the Hope was to come from if we all turned Red.

A not invalid question in the light of 1948. However, we must remember that there was a Reformation. The outcome was that as long as we place Peace in the hands of Warriors there will always be an R.S.L.

BOOK OF THE MONTH
THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA by himself. Exhausting and Exhaustive in six volumes, this weighty work will delight, excite, and enlighten. (Look under HISTORY at the S.G.S. Library)

ARMAMENT AND DISARMAMENT PEACE FRONT REVISITED

The United Nations F.A.O. Campaign on "world hunger" has focussed attention on one of the most depressing facts of our day and age: we spend far more on armaments than we do on the urgent problem of alleviating poverty and misery.

This being an established fact, it brooks no argument that the world must seek, and go on seeking, a solution to the problems of world tension from which derives the need for expensive systems of defence.

Whilst talks continue, hope remains that the ultimate solution will be found and peace consummated. But, let us give no support to the starry-eyed idealist or worse, the pervious propagandist who proposes unilateral disarmament, nuclear or conventional, as the grand gesture of peace.

EASY PREY
All that such a policy promises, in reality, is that our country will be an easy prey for those powers whose predatory instincts and conquests have been documented before the Assembly of the United Nations. Not too long ago they were classified and easily recognisable as dispensers of fantasy wandering along in their own rarefied atmosphere or as conspiratorial groups who gathered in hidden

PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION

The A.N.U. Psychology Students' Association held its Inaugural meeting on 18th April. The meeting began with a short talk by Miss Linda Viney on the general aims and activities of other psychology students' societies, in particular of those at the University of Tasmania, of which she had been an enthusiastic member. At this meeting the committee was elected.

President: Ed. Highley.
Vice-President: Janette Clarke.
Secretary: Vida Andruska.
Treasurer: Janet Moore.
Committee: Robert Odell, Ian Munro, Andrew Satropa.

TOILET TRAINING
The main aim of the Association at this stage is showing of films of psychology and general interest. At a Committee meeting on 22nd April the first of the showing was arranged for 1st May.

Activities planned for next term include several addresses to the society by speakers, as well as more films, which will be to all interested students.

In spite of the recent formation of the Association, three members are to attend a Conference of Psychology Students. This is the first national conference and will be held in Brisbane from 19th to 26th May.

At a meeting to be held early in 2nd term they will report on activities at the conference, as well as on information collected about the aims and activities of other Psychology Societies.

STRIFE IN PORTUGAL

Portuguese student leader writes from prison, José Bernardino tells of a rising tide of opposition to Salazar's regime.

The National character of the student struggle, to maintain student syndicate activity, to re-establish organisations which have been banned and for the holding of a national student congress, has alarmed the government which has stepped up repressive measures.

Apart from breaking up meetings, numerous students have been arrested and imprisoned.

The active solidarity of some professors brought about their dismissal and, in some cases, imprisonment.

"It is impossible for me to know how many students have been arrested," José writes, "but I do know that more and more the fascist prisons are being filled with political prisoners."

He ended with a call for students and T.U. solidarity in "drowning the crimes of Salazar against Portuguese students and youth."

corners and dim-lit back rooms to match their furtive spirit. But now respectability and even eminence — the vanguard of the "peace" partisans who sign petitions and demonstrate and gain political adherence to their policy.

LABOR DILEMMA
The present political situation in Australia illustrates their new importance. As the Federal Government has become forceful on defence — moved by the exigencies of our situation — convulsions have taken hold of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Reduced to its essentials we see half of the Australian Labor Party, supported by parlor pinks and "progressives" outside the party, foisting on it a policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament and disengagement from alliance, while the other half feverishly tries to save the Labor Party from electoral disaster by throwing overboard the policy its leader describes as "indefensible". This "indefensible" policy of the A.L.P. is the self same or similar policy of the starry-eyed idealists and conspirators now given respectability.

Its recent policy panacea — the Nuclear Free Zone and the proposition to American bases (might be endangered, as if we weren't already) proceeded quite naturally from Moscow. And oh! so quickly.

THE MORAL BREAKTHROUGH

Radicalism has at last reached a pinnacle of expression — the A.N.U., a long cherished myth of the "common man" has been found wanting. It is the myth that honesty pays; "that pinching from your mate ain't the thing".

We of the University fraternity can see through the foibles of common man. We must question his morality, and if we find it wanting, develop a more enlightened one of our own.

Common man, it has been mentioned, has many cherished beliefs — many of these are held merely for emotional reasons and have no basis in rational thought. One such belief is surely that of the inviolability of personal possession. As all things are the free gift of God, no man has the right to claim sovereignty over them. Believing this, one has a moral obligation to frustrate the attempts of common

man (i.e. those still unenlightened) to maintain his sovereignty over material things.

THE PROCESS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Having arrived at the conclusion that it is the moral obligation of the free thinker to frustrate expressions of sovereignty over material things by common man, the question remains, where to start. For the student, this should raise no problems.

Obviously his immediate obligation is to his fellow students who must be freed from the bonds of superstition. It is only in that way that general enlightenment may be hoped for.

This University must be proud of the fact that it numbers within its ranks such outstanding radicals and freethinkers.

What it should be even more proud of is the fact that they have the courage of their convictions and were willing to give practical expression of them at the woolshed dance organised by Arts and Economics Societies.

The organisers were saved the embarrassment of raising money for their Miss University entrants by the simple expedient of removing about £20 worth of beer and spirits.

— REDBIRD.

Printed by Suburban & Provincial Press Ltd., 9 Myahgah Road, Mosman, for the publisher, A.N.U. Student Representative Council, Childers Street, Canberra. Editors: Erskine Rodan; Mike Harrington.

From the 21st Congress of the Communist Party in Jan. 1959 to the Australian Labor Party in May 1962 is progress — quick enough to delight old Khrushchov himself. Someone will undoubtedly be rewarded in secret with a silver dove of "peace" and a health trip to the Black Sea. The banishment of Skripov can be borne with a shrug when one has such compensation.

Whatever the outcome of the Labor dispute over foreign policy, nuclear disarmament and bases, the "peace" partisans sleep well. They are still "respectable" in the community; they can have their marches, still sign their petitions and present them to Parliament. Shady characters from the Communist-led unions or "progressive" intellectuals, they have fair prospects that their turn will come again.

— "EL CID"

International Student Literary Contest

A contest to encourage literary creation among students is being conducted on a world wide basis by the International Bureau for Cultural Activities (IBCA), a cultural agency of the International Student Conference, of which Australia is a member.

THE CONTEST CLOSSES ON SEPTEMBER 30th, 1963.

All University students are eligible to submit entries in the two categories — poetry and short stories, in either French, English or Spanish.

A maximum of five poems and three short stories which must not exceed 1,500 words each may be entered by each contestant.

Judging for each language section will be done by a special jury selected from leading writers and literary critics. Prizes will be offered for the best poems and short stories in each language.

Winning entries will be announced in *The Student*, a monthly magazine published by the International Student Conference. As well, each participant will receive a special publication of the winning entries.

Entries must be typed, double spaced, on regular 8 1/2 x 11" paper, signed with a pseudonym.

The entry form, mentioning the author's name, the title of the poem or short story and the pseudonym must be sent to The Student under separate cover in a sealed envelope.

The envelopes will be opened only after the judging, so that the author's name, university and country will not be linked with his entry before the judging.

Entries will not be returned, but IBCA will claim no copyright on them.

Entries should be addressed to:

THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU FOR CULTURAL ACTIVITIES, POST BOX 36, LEIDEN, NETHERLANDS.

Entry forms may be obtained from the N.U.A.U.S. Secretariat, 52 Storey Street, PARKVILLE, N.Z., Victoria.

—And Shouting In The Corridors

This place I love: in Summer days with breeze as soft as lover's breath In scorn from those my love enfolds As harsh as lover's lips can bite, And shouting in the corridors.

Yet still I love, in malice and with heart and mind despising my own being. I cannot hate: I am attuned to love, it runs wild, mocking my blood, in anguish familiar as remembered idiosyncrasy Still I love.

For this I gave up home, friends glowing in the warmth of love, Half-embered. By blood forsaken. Coldly I gain: a love-hate time Of hope, futility and revelation . . . All within my own decay.

Little time remains to me. Yet I have loved, felt all intensely, woman's hands beating in ecstasy on my proud back, A soft, slow smile, quiet after love. I have known snow inside short boots, Woman's tears, coiling my intellect in Charming madness.

To me, this is enough, That I have felt: Felt love and despair, hate and joy All to the fullest. I will not die a soul's slow death, for pain is a rebirth.

Smiling, I will turn from Here, How could I pain in languidness When scorn my lot, laughter my reward, For love. Then I will know again the loving Paradox. Years, soft, but hardly born Will course their silent way, And in my Love I'll Hate.

— George Westbrook, England, 1962.



Anti-Anti Communists

DIRECTIONS FOR READING ALOUD:
INTONE IN A PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL DRAWL

Though Communists, we think, are rather low,
Against the Reds we never strike a blow,
Whether they be false or true
We wouldn't have a clue.
We're anti-anti-Communist, you know.

We are anti-anti-Communist, oh! oh!
On the fence we sit and watch the danger grow.
Till the revolution comes
We will sit and twirl our thumbs;
But the winning side we'll fall on, don't you know.

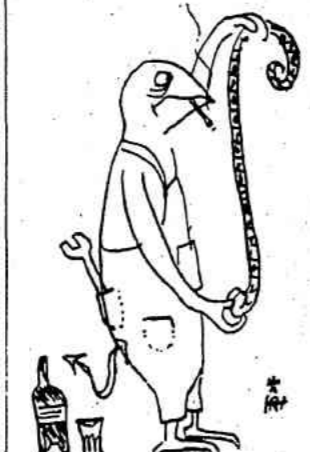
We are anti-anti-Communist, oh! oh!
Though the Reds have slaughtered millions, well we know.

We find Comms amusing coots,
But anti-Coms are "Fascist Brutes!"
So freedom grant to Freedom's mortal foe.

A very nasty fellow whom we know
Says if were "anti-anti," then we're "PRO."
He's an intelligent snob,
And a friend of "Pig-iron" Bob,
And a deviating, "anti," so-and-so.

Of swarming Asian Reds we say: "Poor Show!"
To such extremes we sometimes dare to go.
With parlour-pinks we lobby;
We read Marx as a hobby;
And we're anti-anti-Communist, oh! oh!

— G. H. Chesloc.
(With acknowledgement to "Phoenix")





SPORTING NEWS

SKI CLUB

The first of the films for the ski club were shown on the 1st May.

The success of these was apparent by the number of people willing to take advantage of the first weekend at Perisher planned for the 8th, 9th and 10th of June. More films, mainly of the instruction type, will be

shown early in the second term. It is hoped that a dry ski school will be held after these films.

This will be mainly for beginners who wish to go on a one-day bus trip, which will also be planned early in second term.

It is obvious that the support and interest in the club is growing, which, if we hope to build our hut, we hope will continue.

STUDENTS DOWN STAFF AT CHESS

A student team defeated a staff team 6-4 in a match at 10 boards on the 29th April.

The result should provide an incentive for the staff to train harder before challenging the students to a return match.

Details of the match were (staff players listed first): Dr. D. Leslie d. N. F. Netheim; Prof. B. H. Neumann drew with T. Baker; Dr. M. J. Newman lost to A. Gilbert; Prof. O. van der Spreukel lost to C. Pearce; Dr. B. A. Robson drew with J. Keeke; Mr. D. M. Butt lost to K. Lisner; Mr. F. H. G. Gruen lost to D. Hoffman; Mr. L. Norberry lost to C. Arndt; Mr. B. L. Verma d. G. Horrocks; Mr. C. Arnd d. S. O'Connor.

CRICKET

Remarkable Recovery by Uni. in the Third Grade Final

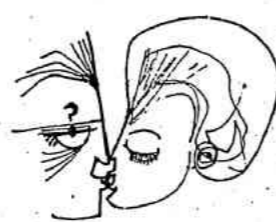
The A.N.U. 3rd grade team staged a remarkable recovery to defeat Northbourne outright in the final.

Northbourne first innings: 278. University first innings: 336 (Bradshaw 100). Northbourne second innings: 75. University second innings: 0/18.

IMAGE OF AUSTRALIA

We are getting tired of general compendia of Australians which purport to say everything worth saying about Australia in two hundred packed pages. We would normally accuse the Americans of being responsible for the inauguration of this type of literature. However, the recent appearance of "Image of Australia", a special issue of the Texas Quarterly, shows that there is a future for such works.

It contains articles, short stories and poems which are representative of Australian letters in the 1960's. All of them are by Australians, and very few attempt to underplay or exaggerate the quality of our Art and Literature for the benefit of the Americans. Unfortunately, a short account of Joan Sutherland's rise to fame, accompanied by a magnificent series of photographs, is the only article devoted to music, while Elwyn Lynn writes a realistic but brief survey of contemporary art. Robin Boyd is the inevitable choice for a comment on architecture in Australia, but his writings appear to have lost the "angry young man" edge of "The Australian Ugliness". Apart from a few articles of historical and general interest, the rest of the Quarterly is devoted to literary and original work.



It is gratifying to see four members of the S.G.S. staff represented. A. D. Hope's "Conversations with Calliope", superficially mock-heroic, is a personal and provocative comment upon how poetry reflects the moral values of society. Dr. R. F. Brissenden, Professor T. Inglis Moore and Mr. Evan Jones are also represented. Most of the short stories are written in an idiom which has been well tried and proved in Australian fiction, but they will no doubt prove fresh and interesting for the uninitiated American readers. This Quarterly is a serious and, for the most part, successful attempt to project a realistic image of Australia.

— R. F. WETHERELL.

SAG COLUMN

Hail Christian Apatheists!

Good Apatheists have long been anxious about the fate of their mission to the Christians. A heartening reply was received from the arts society lecture "Sex, Morality, and Religion". The learned Doctor was allowed to imply that "Christianity is bad philosophy and that it is intellectually dishonest to be a Christian". While some august figures from A.N.U.I. sparred (on other topics) with the lecturer no ANUS students seemed ready to attack him on even these two points, which would surely arouse most Christians. Either the Christians were away that night or they couldn't be bothered contesting the point. Anyway, as representative of SAG I would like to extend special congratulations to our Christian followers.

A Challenge

A rival news sheet, the ANU SCIENTIST, has brought happy news of another victory. The editorial of No. 2 mentions apathy five times. While we are glad to hear of our brother apatheists' fame, apatheists of other faculties must look to their laurels. It would be too galling to have Science claim superiority in Apathy.

Cankorous Growth

Lennox House, seduced by the presence of three Wardens and a Student Committee, has burst into activity. For instance, a Social with wine and Nurses supplied by the committee and night activities in Garem Place two Fridays running. However, more satisfactory news from Bruce Hall, where warmth and comfort are ever aiding the apatheists to take the true path.

CHESHIRE'S

All students and staff of the School of General Studies are invited to visit our bookshop in Garem Place and to browse among the books there.

We will do our best to provide the texts you want to study—and many other books for your entertainment.

CHESHIRE'S BOOKSHOP

Canberra City

RIVER BEND

*A school of pirate perch
Glide swiftly in red-tinged anger,
The swamp eagle flaps in crashing flight
From the branch of its past tearing meal.
Twigs snap as I descend the river bank
And into the river's afternoon I steal.*

*A rapier-beaked heron prying forth
From its water-smoothed log
Shifts its legs, uncomfortable at my sight.
The languid water is thrown
Into ripples of miniature form
Rebounding from a single protruding stone.*

*I wanted to forget the limits of my stay
And drift into this bond of flickering life.
Alas! There is always a limit—
One cannot flee like the migratory bird,
But always return like the rebel bull
Rounded up, back with the turning herd.*

Is there a gap in your life?
Do you feel at the end of your tether?

REMEMBER when you're ready to drop phone us at *Lifeline* and we'll hang up!



Quotable Quotes

"If all the diplomats in the world were placed end to end, they wouldn't even reach a conclusion." (Anti.)
"If all the girls here were laid end to end, I shouldn't be at all surprised." (Freshette at Commem. Ball.)
"Anyone can be Prime Minister." (Robert)
"LIFE is a four-letter word." (Old Grammarian)
"Christians are allowed only one wife; this is called Monotony." (E.U.)

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